22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

June 8th July 1903.
clever sparrow!

Gran calls me "Sparrow"

My Woman,

If I come Friday I shant
clash with Katie Hall?
If so, manage another day for me.
I should feel like a foiled
worldling, thick boots on,
trampling the Elysian meadows.
Gran has asked me to dinner!
I feel sure you have given me
a character for whereas I have
what you call fallen more than once -
I dont mean politely that I have
done what the unfortunately do -
but if my character & virtues

consist in analysing the Cream
dinner table, then I am an
'unfortunate' woman.
have sold my brains, which are
my virtue. Never any lost
woman felt so degraded as I
do to night. All relation dom
safeblog out of the NYPL hooper,
takes to writing letters.
Darling, tell me if I can do
anything - I will come at any moment'
The police & only thing that
one can do is to stay away
be silent. But that's hard-
praying for. Friendship - relationship
at any rate - consists in talk, or

better working order some day.
But the normal state of things
now is a kind of primness - &
nothing much matters. I can
save the fact of life - the
marrying & bearing
are the least important -
& one acts one's drama under
the hat - Lord - this is dreary -
but hers & Jack talk on over.
their offer - I think
Katie as Heaven & Trace -
poor love, probably a very hell
if one were in her inside -
Father just so well I think -
he had a fiddy attack on ~~Saturday~~
Friday. & a rather bad symptom
has come back - but not one that
bothers him - so he is cheerful - &

that's the main thing.

Gropi stays on at Pixton -
weighing the worth of a somewhat
elderly, but quite untarnished,
Coronet - would it be permanent -
Supposing he asked her? & Could
she go to Court - those two
fearful years - Then keep him -
& with deceit on his lips for him -
Poor old NYPL Creature - his virtues sink
to the bottom I know, & I'm too
lazy to fish them up - & I had
meant Katie must look
like a Pagan Goddess, sitting out
in the grass - a Greek Goddess
before the fall of the world -
for Know they are in hiding somewhere
a poetical idea - & one has an
English Countess's Coronet on her head -
(my mind runs on Coronets -) Athena
married to Lord Cromer? Or if

1903?

How are your works?

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

for goodness sake don't get married. Remember, Sparrow is an appendage of you do.

Woman - why do you pitch on Tuesday? I can't get rid of that day - has her life man Casa, & here dam it - Couldn't we come some other time - Friday next if past possible - or Wednesday week after next Which would do better - Rack your memory & find out a way, & send me some more trains. And write a still longer letter - you see what with trains & things one can't read there isn't very much left of your letter at the end. written Aunt minna hasn't been a shot at a to get. We are having Sparrow studio here -

NYPL

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Hey woman,
I dont thank the vile tyranny
of life will let us come down
either day— I have to go &
Cont out books at the Library
one day, which takes hours, &
I must buy clothes & some
sort— Damn it— Then we
go Thursday. But you will
have had a tender invitation
to visit us— which You Shall
Accept— as you love your
Sparrow (which you do, & can't
deny it) Why didn't You

You call your boys the
Garden of Eden - If you
cast it over in your mind
you will see the advantages it
has - Roy to begin with - NYPL
& then it somehow connects
your maternal ancestry with
the very upper strata of
Adam - But Adrian is
grinding away on the piano,
& Nessa & Thoby are discussing
God Almighty, I went to
see Evergreen last night, only it
was wretchedly acted -
God Almighty had toggles on

± a heard.

for Sp:

Cara ends "yours affectly"
hard. Isn't that a triumph
of mind over matter!

She sent me in her bill added
up wrong- so I wrote back &
said "Corrections are ayalegs.
I can only put note of
exclamation" - which I did,
all over the page -
Wasn't that witty?

1903

Dear Child.

Sparrow will come on Thursday if only the Duckworth family hadn't wood where the hair ought to be, her pockets would be lined with gold & we would have drunk tea all round. I here tea on the housetop tomorrow. Cran Coming -

Sp:

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1903.

Hey Violet

I wish you would write a
Explain what you do
Are you coming to London
Ever? The summer is
winding up - & then two
months will separate our
friendship - It is astonishing
what depths - hot rolling
depths - your finger has stirred
in saying - hitherto unheeded
Quiescent. I know you
are sitting by some bedside -
Either physical or mental -
However that be your life - & the
Almighty keep you supplied.

The religious allusion on the
last page drifted in - or was
pounded in - by a fat
religious Gaijin. very red in
the face - who is arguing
Christianity with Shoky.
he is trying to prove that NYPL
certain doctrine & her soul are
alive & afloat while ours
are 'atrophied' - She has
now found a Bible - a sort
of mystic (probably miraculous)
leading her to the only Bible
in the room - & has just
read a psalm - about something
about being saved from a Dog
& her bowels - We beg to look

as though we are in church. Adrian
entirely collapsed. He is now
intoning through her nose, in an
uplifted & tonorous voice -
Oh my Violet - what a jewel
the world is.
I don't know that things
change much - but I feel
somehow that father is
a good deal weaker -
He seems to feel weaker in
himself - but he says nothing -
& there's nothing to be said.
We go to various rather
inharmonious parties - Sammy
isn't a social success -
She stands in corners - never
lets herself get swept away into the
whirlpool. Dorothea's metaphors
affect my brain. She is expounding

the mystery of it — Dictating from
behind two very pat red hands —
as though she were a prophetess
behind a veil. I thank God
that the underground is created.
& her last train will soon be due.
Be good enough well my Violet —
& reading through your sorrows.
The only reason I have to believe it
a good is that some life grows in
one & out-grows most things.
But otherwise — it seems to
me he has [illegible] heavy hand.
I see Lord de Vesci is dead —
Kathy was spending today at
St Albans.
Write me a good letter — it the
Gus don't come. Go here
part of saying things —
Yr Sorley.